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ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

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THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV

NUMBER 6

NOVEMBER 1940

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.

—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

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THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

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—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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IS THERE COMMUNISM IN SHAKESPEARE?

WILDWOOD, NEW JERSEY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Was Shakespeare a communist? I came last night on a speech delivered by Gonzalo, in "The Tempest," Act II, Scene 1, which seems to bear out that theory. Gonzalo is talking with the King in a group that has been shipwrecked on a desolate island, and says:

"Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the king of it, what would I do?
In the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard,
none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty.

All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but Nature should bring
forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

If that is not the speech of a communist, what is it?

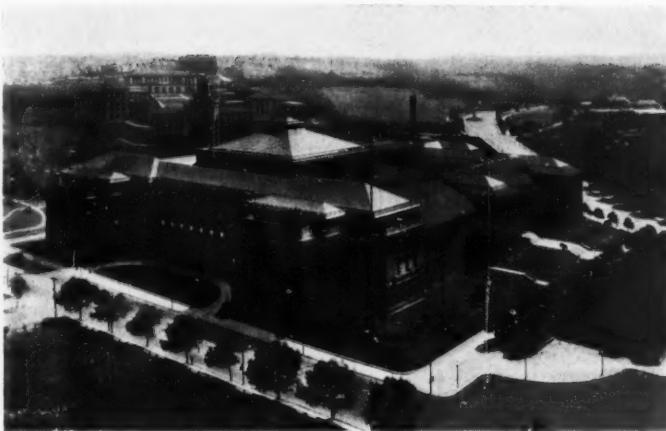
—HENRY WARD WHITTIER

The speech touches on anarchy rather than on communism, except that Gonzalo has imagined himself to be the king, and there can be no king or ruler in the conception of an anarchistic community. The speech was not an original proposition by Shakespeare but was taken bodily by him, and almost word for word, from Montaigne's essay, "Of the Cannibals," translated by Florio into English in 1603. In "The Tempest," Gonzalo is a garrulous old councilor of Alonso, King of Naples, and his foolish muttering was received with so much derision by the other courtiers that he was overwhelmed with embarrassment. The King dismissed the capricious proposal with the rebuke: "Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me." Thus we may safely conclude that Shakespeare was not a communist, and that he used the frothy speech only to develop the unstable character of Gonzalo, for we know that order was the first principle of the Bard's mind, based upon the common law of England. Gonzalo's policy might do for cannibals, as Montaigne fancied it, but it would not serve the needs of civilized men.

A LONG SHADOW

An institution is the lengthened shadow of a man.

—EMERSON



THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY IN THE DISTANCE

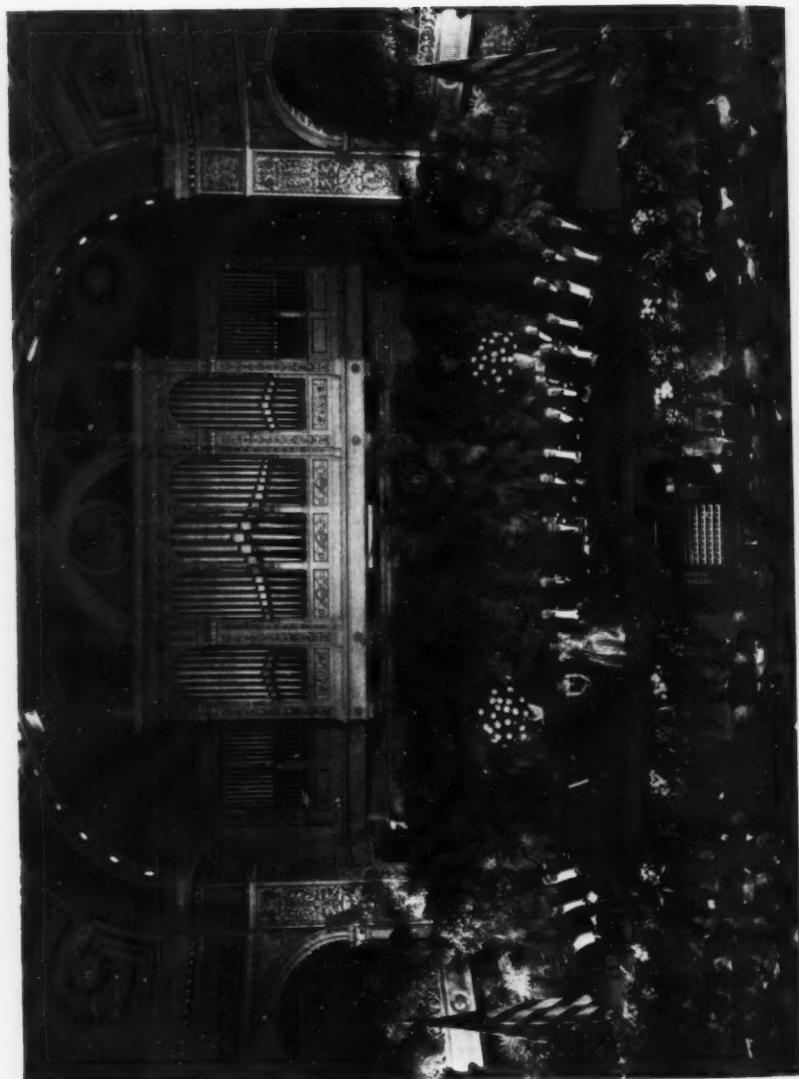
FOUNDER'S DAY 1940

THE forty-third anniversary of the opening of the Carnegie Institute was commemorated on Founder's Day, October 24, in the Carnegie Music Hall, at eight o'clock. Pittsburghers and out-of-town guests made up the distinguished audience that gathered to do honor to Andrew Carnegie and his gift to the people of Pittsburgh. The decoration of the platform of the Carnegie Music Hall for the celebration has become as much a part of the general tradition as the speaking and other features of the program. The art of the florist, as revealed on this occasion, was never excelled before, and the large audience enjoyed the pleasure of looking into the assembled plants and flowers as into a picture of rare beauty during the hour that was covered by the proceedings.

On the platform were assembled the members of the Board of Trustees and the directors of the various departments, with the speaker of the evening, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, President and Publisher of The New York Times. At their entrance the entire audience

arose and, with the opening of the radio, all joined in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." President Church then started the exercises with these words:

THE PRESIDENT: Ladies and Gentlemen: This is the forty-third annual celebration of Founder's Day. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were in attendance at the first celebration, forty-two years ago, which was a very small and informal affair, held in one of the offices in this building; and they attended on later occasions, when, with the encouragement of Mr. Carnegie's unfailing and frequent gifts, the work had taken on an international importance. I know you will be indulgent if I tell you again, what is more than a twice-told tale, that in past years these celebrations have made the occasion an illustrious tradition by the participation in our programs of five Presidents of the United States, one President of the French Republic, and many others famous as ambassadors, authors, painters, poets, actors, and labor leaders.



EXCELSIOR '66 FESTIVAL OF CHURCHES

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

This telegram from Mrs. Andrew Carnegie has just been received:

"Though absent tonight I recall vividly former happy Founder's Days and am thrilled at the thought that you still hold Mr. Carnegie's memory so warmly. I am deeply appreciative of the fine way in which you are carrying on the work which was so close to his heart. My cordial regards to Mr. and Mrs. Sulzberger and kindest greetings to all.—LOUISE CARNEGIE"

Our program will be broadcast by WWSW, to whose Manager, Mr. Walter Sickles, we express our deep sense of appreciation and gratitude.

We begin with Dr. Marshall Bidwell at the organ—Beethoven's "Overture to Coriolanus."

Dr. Bidwell, Organist and Director of Music at the Carnegie Institute, then played this famous overture, after which the Reverend Hugh S. Clark, Rector of The Church of the Redeemer, asked God's blessing on the occasion.

MR. CLARK: O Eternal God, who dost will for all nations such good things as pass man's understanding; shape the desires and deeds of Thy people in accordance with Thy purposes for the world, that, seeking first Thy kingdom and righteousness, we may be good citizens of this nation, and set forth the true welfare of mankind.

Bless all who lead and guide the affairs of our common life—teachers of the young, ministers of faith, men of business, those who work for justice between man and man, between class and class, for health, charity, and the furtherance of good will. Give us a clear vision of a pure social life and the grace to pursue it loyally; that our community, in its arts, its music, its religion, its trade, and daily life may truly reflect that which is true, beautiful, and good; to the glory of Thy holy name. Amen.

THE PRESIDENT: Miss Mary Martha Briney, born in Pittsburgh and educated

in the Pittsburgh schools, comes to us in so far as her study in dramatic art is concerned from the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Her voice training also has been received in Pittsburgh, and last summer the door was opened for her entrance to Mr. Koussevitzky's Summer School of Music in the Berkshires—in the Opera Department—where she was given the leading parts in "La Bohème" and "La Tosca." Miss Briney is a Pittsburgher whom it is a great pleasure to present to you to sing this beautiful aria from "La Traviata."

"Ah, Fors' e Lui" from Verdi's popular opera, "La Traviata," was then sung by Miss Briney. After other selections had been given in response to an appreciative audience, Mr. Sulzberger was introduced, as follows:

THE PRESIDENT: John Milton was the first man in history to demand the freedom of the press. Milton was Oliver Cromwell's secretary for foreign affairs, and in a tour of Continental Europe in 1644 he visited Galileo, who, he says, then grown old, was a prisoner for thinking in astronomy otherwise than as the licensers thought. Instantly Milton looked back toward England as the home of liberty, and on his return published a book addressed to the British Parliament, bearing the tooth-breaking title, "Areopagitica." In this book he reminded the English people that Greece was the only country in the world that had, at the very beginning of her civilization, 5,000 years before the Christian Era, established the absolute freedom of speech and writing, excepting only blasphemy and libel, and that it was due to the polite wisdom and letters of that Golden Age of Greece that the English owed their intellectual escape from becoming Goths and Jutlanders. Milton's plea was successful, making a further immeasurable step toward the progressive growth of liberty which started with Magna Charta; and our American founding fathers took the idea of the freedom of

the press from John Milton and put it into the American Constitution, where we should all hope that it will be forever safe, and that no one will ever seek to destroy it.

The American newspaper, assembling every day, as it does, in popular, accurate, and literary form the thought and action of every clime upon this globe, has become the marvel of the age, the eighth wonder of the world. Among the greatest of these newspapers no one will dispute the position of The New York Times. The Times is not only a newspaper, it is an institution. We are honored and happy to have as our speaker on this Founder's Day the President and Publisher of The New York Times. I present to you Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who has chosen as the title of his address, "A Report and a Tribute."

MR. SULZBERGER: We are here tonight to celebrate the forty-third anniversary of the opening of the Carnegie Institute. We owe our presence to the generosity of a great American, to the breadth of his interests, the scope of his vision. It is thanks to the skill of Andrew Carnegie, thanks to his industry, his willingness to work that we are here. And, thanks to the intelligence of those who carry on, we will see shortly a pageant of American art—a reflection upon canvas of our way of life from early Colonial days to date—a way of life which now more than ever has come into the full flower of appreciation to those of us privileged to share it, play our part in it, and make our contribution toward it.

When you honored me, President Church, by extending an invitation to address this assemblage, I accepted eagerly, yet with some timidity, and ever since then certain words of Disraeli have been thrusting themselves rather unpleasantly upon me. You may recall that when he was asked by a new member of Parliament whether this new member should join in debate, he replied in the negative. "It is much bet-

ter," said Disraeli, "for the House to wonder why you do not speak—than why you do!" That is a disturbing thought for any speaker, and I hasten to tell you why I do not follow such excellent advice.

It is because the first article of the Bill of Rights contains four fundamental freedoms of the individual—freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly. It is because I visualize the edifice of Liberty standing upon these four freedoms as upon four columns, with the weight so distributed that if one column falls Liberty herself will collapse.

Let us examine these four freedoms more closely. They are, as you know, the rights that all citizens possess, yet as it works out only three of the freedoms actually are practiced by most of us. Each man worships in his own way; each man speaks freely if he chooses, and men may assemble as they will. That accounts for three. But this other right, your fourth freedom—a free press—you do not practice yourselves. You have placed it in the hands of an agent.

As a member of the fourth estate, therefore, I stand before you tonight to report to you as a chairman of a board would report to the owners of a business—the common stockholders:

Surrounded by war, it behooves us to examine the weapons of the moment, for each era has its own, and a weapon is not necessarily an arrow, a bullet, a torpedo, or an aerial bomb. There are others equally deadly. It is interesting to recall that while the Romans possessed both horses and armor they never fought mounted for the simple reason that they had not invented the stirrup, without which no armored man could ride and fight without falling. When stirrups were attached to the saddle and the armored weight held in balance, the knights of the Middle Ages rode through Europe with the same degree of reckless security as did units of the German Panzer divisions that raced ahead of their advancing armies into France.

And what are the weapons of today?

My twenty months in the Field Artillery during the last war do not qualify me as a military expert. I cannot speak to you of planes and tanks and high explosives. But there is one weapon which has proved as valuable to Germany as the stirrups would have been to the legions of all the Caesars, and that is propaganda.

With propaganda truth has been destroyed and falsehood glorified. With propaganda discord has been sown and strong men have become weak. The pen has truly been mightier than the sword. Yet against each weapon sooner or later we find a defense—armor for arrow, masks for poisoned gas, stronger weapons of offense to make unusable earlier tools of destruction. And against the weapon of propaganda our only defense is a free and a responsible press.

Make no mistake about the danger. It is not the choice of our interventionists or our isolationists that will determine the future. Countries have been swept off the map for doing far less than we are doing to these self-appointed Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal of the world. It is the strength of England that now protects us. And who are we to speak of England's ability to hold out?

Do not let the daily repetition of events delude you into the belief that something more startling must happen before the peril to us becomes acute. Strike yourself above your heart. It's not too bad, but keep it up an hour. No, don't stop then! Keep it up all tonight and tomorrow. Keep it up a week, with just a few snatches of

broken sleep. Keep it up a month, two months, a year! How long? Some day something may happen, and when it does—if it does—what then? I make no pretensions of prophecy. You can answer the question as well as I.

It is our duty, however, to help you to answer it, to make you see the narrowing circle of our common danger. It is our duty to give you the facts, as nearly as they can be had. For democracy can be strong only if it is informed, and truth alone can defeat the weapon of propaganda.

It is our task to keep open for you the channels of information—to keep them open and unpolluted so that the unity and strength of our nation are not impaired by the introduction of foreign ideas implanted by this new and deadly weapon so skillfully employed by Dr. Goebbels. In

order to make certain that it shall not happen here, we must know how and why it happened and is happening there. The proper gathering and editing of the foreign news thus becomes one of the most important of our assignments. That is why, in this report to you tonight, I propose to devote myself largely to the difficulties and the achievements of our correspondents abroad. It is my judgment that these difficulties have been surmounted; that while we are at times misled, at times in the dark, bit by bit we piece the story together and are able to present it to you. At least I can assure you that we have tried our best, even though that endeavor may have brought catcalls from the self-appointed critics of the press who seek a precarious



ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER

living in peddling what they call the "real dope."

When the war first started our burden weighed upon us more heavily than usual. We held it to be our duty not only to present the news, but also to keep the moralities of the conflict before the people of this nation. And, most important, we determined that if our country was to be drawn into active participation in the conflict it was our responsibility to see that it was with open eyes. In so far as we were able, we would print the facts and label propaganda so plainly that none could mistake it. If Dr. Butler now describes the war as being one "between beast and human beings, between brutal force and kindly helpfulness, between the spirit of gain at any cost and the spirit of service built upon common sense and moral principle," he does so because with the facts before him that is the conclusion which he, and—I believe—most of the rest of us have reached.

Yet it has not been easy to gather and present the facts upon which these fateful judgments are based. Our correspondents abroad have had to surmount difficulties of all kinds and all degrees, ranging from censorship through mental and physical discomfort all the way to acute personal danger.

Of these censorships, the German is of course most conspicuous. The Nazi Government has always maintained that there was no press censorship in Germany, and in one respect that is true, in that neither German newspaper writers nor foreign correspondents in Germany are required to submit what they write to the censor before publication. There is, nevertheless, a double censorship in Germany—a censorship at the source and a self-censorship.

Otto Tolischus, who was recently expelled from Germany for doing such excellent work for The New York Times that he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best foreign correspondence, furnishes me with a memorandum. "Censorship at the source," he writes, "to be effective, presumes a totalitarian

government with arbitrary powers of punishing officials and private individuals revealing facts which the regime wants to keep secret. It presumes a 'conspiracy of silence' by all and everybody in what Goering has described as the 'oath-bound community of the German people.' This 'conspiracy of silence' is implemented, first, by propaganda warning all and everybody that the 'enemy is listening'; second, by putting officials and workers, especially those in nationally important tasks, under an oath of silence; third, by drastic punishment of 'traitors to the people,' and traitors include not merely the betrayers of military secrets but all persons 'who talk too much,' including the 'grumbler' who are presumed to be impairing morale." And do not forget that early this month we received word from Berlin that seven persons had received prison sentences of four to six years merely for listening to a foreign broadcast.

Mr. Tolischus goes on to say that "because of the censorship at the source and the centralized control of all the agencies of news, the innumerable news sources and news contacts that existed before Hitler have virtually disappeared for the foreign correspondent. There are no officials who will give him either direct information or news leads; there are no parliamentarians who will talk about the forces behind politics because there is no parliament and no 'politics' in the usual sense; there are no independent news agencies to check on the 'semi-official' news or to get news from the provinces; there is, above all, no longer the great variety of newspapers that used to represent every shade of political opinion, the perusal of which gave the foreign correspondent a good cross section of German public opinion. Today the foreign correspondent is completely on his own, and his knowledge is for the most part confined to what is happening in Berlin."

When we recently asked our Berlin correspondent for more details about the bombing of an ersatz fuel plant he be-

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came irritated. "Don't be silly," he replied, "I sent all the information I was given and I am not permitted to go and see for myself."

The Russians have a unique brand of censorship. It operates most effectively when the censor is asleep. He retires early—yet all dispatches must be passed by him, and if he is in bed the dispatches wait. While he sleeps the official communiqués are issued and transmitted by the government news agency to this country. Thus the official version gets a twenty-four hour start, and the correspondent's comment and interpretation never catch up.

And what do we do about all this? Well, we take our correspondent out of Moscow and have him write from outside in a series of articles what he could not send from within. Thus eventually the news came through. When we did that once before, however, some years ago, the OGPU took away our correspondent's secretary one night—fortunately, for him, our correspondent was an American, but, unfortunately, for her, his secretary was Russian—and we have never heard from the secretary since, despite diplomatic inquiries and all our own efforts. A publisher's sleep, unlike a censor's, is not always restful.

As in Moscow, so in Tokyo. "The correspondent's job here is becoming very difficult," writes Mr. Byas. "The censor doesn't merely cut out forbidden news; he functions as news editor and cuts out anything he doesn't like the look of. And you in New York have no means of knowing that the message has been mutilated until weeks later when the auditor there compares the number of words prepaid in Tokyo with the number of words received in New York. By that time the facts the censor cut out are as dead as mutton."

No one who has not had the experience of censorship can appreciate its handicaps. To the conscientious correspondent, desiring to present a complete picture of events, it is the most irksome of fetters. Yet censorship is only one of

his troubles. There has never been a war in which the obstacles for the reporter were so great as in the present one. In the World War correspondents were permitted considerable freedom of action and were allowed to collect a large amount of material for themselves. Now correspondents are to a great degree limited to official statements and when they try to see for themselves they are blocked by official order, or else conducted in a manner which guarantees that they observe only what it is desired they shall observe.

Yet though the correspondent may not get to the diplomatic or military front, the latter may be brought all too realistically to his very door. Two dispatches from P. J. Philip, until recently our Paris correspondent, are vivid evidence of such events. The first is dated Paris, June 10, and I quote: "Since the official information service and the censorship are leaving the city like so many other Ministerial departments, the newspapers and newspaper correspondents are obliged to do likewise. The choice is a difficult one—to stay here and be bombed would not matter if one could get the news, but it is certain that there will be no news available except of these bombings. Nor is the newspaper correspondent any longer the free agent he used to be. It is therefore with much regret that we are closing this office and moving to where we are told news will be supplied and communication with the United States assured. For the purpose of our going we have a camping truck and two rather venerable automobiles. The intention is to camp where we can and keep contact with some of the information services. The prospect seems only that we shall be severely bombed as we drive this evening along the roads."

Four days later Mr. Philip reported from Tours:

"This city has ceased to be the substitute capital of France after a brief three-day career. Premier Renaud's speech last night and other symptoms showed clearly before we went to bed

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that that would be so. There were already signs of packing up again in different administrations. Sleep seemed, however, more urgent than flight, especially as we ourselves had just obtained a bed—the first we had slept in since Sunday. In that we were luckier than most, although it does seem expensive to have had only one night's sleep in a two-room apartment rented for a month. However, it permitted a proper wash and a change of linen. And now we and everybody else are on our way again. We don't know what is happening because the information service installed here with so much trouble on Monday has opened its wings and fled with a part of the censorship service. Good-bye to Tours."

Mr. Philip is now in this country en route to his new post at Ottawa. His uncensored dispatches of what occurred in France and why have been published since his arrival here. Once again the news came through!

The same hazards and the same obstacles confront the reporter in almost any quarter of the globe. In Shanghai, even before conditions had become as strained as they are, our correspondent, Mr. Abend, received so many threats upon his life for service as a good news man that it seemed desirable for him to run the risk of Japanese bombs at Chungking—for which point he is now heading—rather than Japanese shots more personally aimed in a modern apartment house in Shanghai.

Less deadly but no less bothersome difficulties are summarized in this report from our correspondent stationed in the Balkans. I quote:

"In a Europe befuddled by censorship and propaganda, the job of a newspaper man becomes increasingly difficult. Getting into a country in order to obtain news is far from easy. Getting news out of a country without being thrown out is still more difficult. Disentangling facts from fiction in a great swamp of rumors deliberately launched by propagandists, inspired by wishful thinking or embroidered by gossip of persons kept

ignorant by a controlled press, is becoming well-nigh impossible.

"Since the war started this writer has visited fourteen countries on three continents, acquiring in the process a passport that looks like a telephone directory because of its seventy-two inserted pages.

"Restrictions are so stiff now that in many cases one must wait weeks for a visa. Some lands which fancy they have been slighted in dispatches may not let newspaper men in at all.

"Getting news out is something of an art. Cable dispatches often just disappear. Communication channels become increasingly reduced all over Europe and often one finds oneself in the position of sending news censored by one country through the potential censorship of others.

"Finally, there is the task of finding out the truth. On a single day in Belgrade the writer received the following rumors: The Germans were entering Rumania; British troops had landed in Greece; Italy had invaded Greece; Russia had invaded Rumania. As it happened, the first item turned out to be correct.

"And when the Hungarian army occupied Kolozavar this correspondent discovered that all telephone lines had been cut before the evacuation, and he had to drive six hours through two divisions and a cloudburst before he found a place from which he could telephone. Then sunspots blurred the transatlantic radio, so that he missed his edition anyway. To misquote Gilbert, a reporter's life is not a happy one."

On the British side we have a better picture. The whole story may not be told at once, but we get infinitely more than from Germany and most other places, and slowly pretty much all of it seems to come through. The reason is that the British, like ourselves, are a democratic nation, and they will not fight unless they know why they are fighting. Also, they realize the importance of keeping us correctly informed and have gone to great lengths to see that that is done.



FOUNDER'S DAY GROUP 1940

Seated, left to right: Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Samuel Harden Church, Mary Martha Briney, Cornelius D. Scully.

Standing: Marcus Aaron, Rev. Hugh S. Clark, Roy A. Hunt, William Frew, William S. Moorhead, Fred W. Weir, Marshall Bidwell.

But, of course, there is a censorship and, as we all know, acute danger for the news men who work there. Already bombs have destroyed the house of our former correspondent and blown the homes of two of our present staff from under them. One of these men who came to Europe from Australia to fight in the last war emerged from it with a bad case of shell shock as a result of having been twice entombed by shell explosions. He married the nurse who brought him back to health and for years was a valued member of our London Bureau. When the air alarms of the present war sounded the old sickness returned, to be swiftly conquered, however, and he continued to perform his useful services. About a month ago he had a night off and was sleeping in his suburban home when two bombs landed, one on each side of his house. The details of how he, his wife, their maid, and the dog were pinned under wreckage which caught fire, and how they miraculously

survived, was told in last Sunday's paper. His wife was undoubtedly saved by the odd circumstance that the iron bedstead in which she slept wrapped itself around her with the mattress and thus formed a protective cushion. I am happy to add that he expects to be back on duty again and that, in the meanwhile, a volunteer from our news department in New York, has left for England, traveling on one of the American destroyers which was recently added to the British Navy.

The task of gathering news in London these days is described as follows by Raymond Daniell:

"It isn't merely that life has become more hazardous," he cables. "That was expected. Transportation, communication, impossible working conditions, censorship rules—those have been the biggest headaches."

"Soon after the intensive night raids began in central London, Fleet Street at night became almost as deserted as Wall

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Street of a Sunday afternoon, except after midnight when the newspaper trucks began rolling. Buses and taxicabs all vanished from the streets and messenger boys who used to carry dispatches between the offices of correspondents and the cable companies became shelter squatters.

"The New York Times office was connected with one of the cable companies by teleprinter, but this proved of no advantage because the cable company terminus was an upstairs office, and when the siren blew there was no one there to receive messages and relay them to New York.

"With no messenger boys and no teleprinter functioning, it became necessary to dictate the whole night's report—sometimes more than five thousand words—to the cable company's telephone operators, deep in a shelter, from which it was cabled to New York. This was inconvenient but reasonably efficient. Then came a night when bombs hit all around the office, and clerks and office boys decided to go to a shelter rather than stay in an office next to the top floor of a steel and concrete building. That meant that the correspondents had to write a couple of paragraphs and then telephone the cable companies and dictate their own stories, a procedure which considerably slowed down transmission, especially because of the difficulty of British operators in understanding the American accent. There was nothing left to do but move the whole office to the cellar and try working from there. Most other tenants had the same idea. Frenchmen, Australians, Japanese, and English journalists were all mixed up in the narrow corridors of a poorly lighted basement, busily typing on rickety tables. Messenger boys, carrying copy, hustled among them, knocking off papers and creating bedlam with their cockney conversation. At one end of a corridor a tea canteen was set up, and there was a steady procession nightly of ARP wardens, office boys, nurses, and typists back and forth along the corridors,

spilling tea and adding to the confusion."

Recently I advised Mr. Daniell to give each staff member at least ten days off each month in order to rest at some unbombed spot. His reply is rather a classic:

"Thanks," he says, "but please rely on my judgment as to days off. Coverage, as you know, is the more important matter. This bureau is staffed entirely by newspaper men who are here because they choose to remain to cover the world's biggest story. It is the consensus that if we fail or are unable to do that we might as well be home with our families. These days it is impossible to fix an arbitrary schedule of days off even were there anything to do, or anywhere to go, save to work. The best way to handle the situation is to work when necessary and loaf when possible, and you can rely on me to apportion time off when possible. I hope you won't misunderstand. These are not merely my views but the views of every member of the staff. We are not trying to be Boy Scouts, but we're all newspaper men and want to give the best coverage possible."

It is a spirit such as this that brings the news through, despite all the handicaps, the hurdles, and the personal hardships which I have attempted to describe. And though I have referred only to those who serve The New York Times, there are many others working just as valiantly for the press associations, for other newspapers, and for the radio.

Most of Europe is in the depths of a news black-out. Most of Europe's peoples know only what their rulers decide they shall know. For these rulers words are weapons, and truth is merely a matter of convenience. Yet, in the long history of men security has never been attained by a refusal to state or face the facts. And so there may be hope that when finally the truth pierces the fogs of propaganda over there, the whole false structure will be revealed and crushed.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Moreover, despite the formidable efforts of these rulers to blight the news sources within their lands and to block the news channels leading out, they have not succeeded. This nation knows what is the way of life in the total State; and, knowing it, we are stirred to safeguard the democratic way. We know how the poison has been injected into other lands and, knowing it, we are on guard. We know what are the aims of the dictators and, forewarned, we are forearming.

Some thirty-five years ago Charles R. Miller, then editor of The New York Times, described a newspaper as "not what men make it from day to day." "There is a genius of continuance," he said, "that guides their pens and policies, and through the rolling years throws the steady light of individual character and consistent purpose upon the printed page." That tradition remains with us today. Our consistent purpose is to treat the community as adult and to give these adults the facts as accurately as we can secure them. If we succeeded in doing that, I trust you will agree that as agents we have performed our tasks, and that you will join with me in tribute to the foreign correspondents. It is they who are our eyes, it is they who risk and endure in order to show us the ever narrowing circle of our danger. It is they who make it possible to keep the trust that you have imposed upon us. My hat is off to them, for the news gets through!

Mr. Sulzberger's address was warmly applauded, and at its conclusion the audience gave him a prolonged expression of its approbation.

THE PRESIDENT: When it was found impossible, because of war conditions abroad, to hold the usual International Exhibition of Paintings, Homer Saint-Gaudens undertook to bring together one of the finest and most comprehensive collections of American pictures that has ever been assembled. For a whole year Mr. Saint-Gaudens has given the

greater part of his time to this task, and he has happily chosen to call it "Survey of American Painting." It is an appropriate title aiming to cover the period of American painting in a retrospective section from about 1670 down to about 1920, with a contemporary section showing American artists in our own time down to 1940. The catalogue, the personal work of Mr. Saint-Gaudens, like the show itself, is something that has never been done in that way before, and it becomes a valuable source book on American painting which every Pittsburgh home will enjoy.

Our audience is cordially invited to go now to the galleries for a preview of this exhibition.

THE POPULAR PAINTING

IN each International since 1924 the Carnegie Institute has offered a prize of two hundred dollars that was known as "The Popular Prize." It was awarded naturally to a living painter, as the Internationals were made up of pictures by contemporary artists. The voting always aroused interest and the contest was keen.

For the Survey of American Painting, because most of the pictures are in the retrospective section, the Committee has authorized a ballot to determine the most popular painting, but with no prize award.

The voting will take place during the two weeks from November 24 to December 8 inclusive. The popular painting will be announced on December 9, so that there will be one week in which visitors may return to see the exhibition and the particular painting which will be known as the Popular Painting.

The method of voting is simple. Each visitor during the period designated will be given a ballot and asked to write on it the name of the painting that he likes best. Ballot boxes, in which to deposit votes, will be found at the entrances to the galleries on the second and third floors.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



IN the distribution of favors from the people of Pittsburgh—and elsewhere—in the support of Andrew Carnegie's benefactions in this city, the Carnegie Library is not neglected. In the first place, the city government has never failed to exercise a paternal care in its appropriations whereby the untold riches of the world's literature may be circulated into every home, to the extent of 4,250,000 books a year, besides the enormous use of books in the reference departments.

Then Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and her daughter, Miss Mabel Gillespie, have created that unique and delightful reading room in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie, and stocked it with special examples of the treasures of the ages, where people may find surcease of sorrow from the war and all the other ills of a troubled world. And innumerable other gifts come to the Library from thoughtful citizens who realize, as Carlyle said, that a true university is a collection of books; and who make it the final repository of their collections.

And now Mrs. Taylor Allderdice has bequeathed \$250 to the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, the income of which is to purchase books in memory of Charles L. Taylor, a cousin of Mr. Allderdice, a trustee of the Carnegie institutions at Pittsburgh, and a man who was active in every work of social import during his whole mature life. Ralph Munn, Director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, has arranged that the books so acquired shall bear a memorial bookplate, shall be confined to subjects of science and technology—in which field Mr. Taylor's mind was most at home—and shall be kept for reading and reference within the building. It is a good way to keep green and fragrant the name of an exceptional man.

The 1946 Endowment Fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology is the

richer this month by a gift of \$210, which comes through the Alumni Federation from the following graduates of Carnegie Tech: F. H. Allison Jr., N. C. Applegate, A. A. Brown, Stewart L. Brown, Harriett Calhoun, Eugene Dowling, Mrs. W. H. Dresser, Mary E. Ewart, Gail Sellers Fettke, John W. Force, Malcolm W. Gay, F. E. Haller, Betsey M. Hazen, William S. Hug, Mrs. Edward H. Jenkins, Estelle E. Kaiser, Richard B. Kamerer, E. A. Lucas, A. C. May, Annette H. McClelland, Lois F. McCombs, E. G. Merrill, Mary E. Morrison, Mrs. Margaret W. Nichols, F. H. Noel, William Pakula, Mrs. O. L. Pringle, Daniel H. Reed, L. D. Rigdon, W. W. Rinehart, John W. Savage, Helen M. Savard, M. R. Schell, Melvin B. Schlossman, W. C. Seabright, Edna F. Speed, and Fannie R. Woodside.

Another gift of \$91.66 has come in to the Garden from an anonymous member of the Federation; and \$37.50 has been sent in by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Brahms, C. R. Holzworth, Marie E. Metzger, J. H. Penske Jr., and Frances V. Rayburn.

Adding Mrs. Allderdice's bequest of \$250 to the sums that have been recorded here before for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh; and the \$210, \$91.66, and \$37.50 to the amount heretofore reported for the Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund, brings the new totals of gifts received since the inauguration of *THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* to the following amounts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,282,731.49; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$40,629.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$230,745.68 for operation and equipment, and for the 1946 Endowment, \$1,590,550.27; making a grand total of cash gifts of \$3,144,656.56. There is still \$2,409,449.73 to be raised so that Tech will receive her \$8,000,000 for our \$4,000,000, or two for one, from the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

JAMAICAN SUMMER

By ANDREY AVINOFF

Director, Carnegie Museum

LAST summer, for the sixth time in fifteen years, I succumbed to the irrepressible urge to visit Jamaica in search of butterflies and moths. Although all my Jamaican explorations were conducted as private ventures during my regular vacations, justification for this account in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE may be found in the fact that the scientific results—namely, all the collections of insects—were turned over to the Carnegie Institute and incorporated in the Museum's entomological riches, with the sole provision that they be kept as a separate unit until the completion of their study. With this point clear, let me say that an inveterate entomologist may be excused for going anywhere for the sake of his favorite trophies, but the choice of Jamaica as a hunting ground in my case might require some explanation. Here is the reason that prompted me to select Jamaica as a special object for entomological endeavor.

My taste for the insect world was first awakened in my early boyhood when I was eagerly catching butterflies on our south Russian estate and dreaming hazily of exotic wonders in far-away lands. At

that time I came across a book in my father's library showing a photograph of a Jamaican scene in which a huge banana plant was projected on a magnificent vista of the Blue Mountain range. The picture fascinated me, chiefly from the angle of entomological possibilities, and I remember that I scrutinized it many times with a magnifying glass in a vain effort to detect some traces of a butterfly on the photograph. In a way, Jamaica became enveloped for me with a tantalizing aura of a lepidopterous promised land inhabited by miraculous and entirely unknown winged creatures. In later years I became engrossed in problems pertaining to the temperate fauna of the Old World, and I was ambitious to assemble as complete a collection of butterflies as possible from central Asia. Over forty expeditions were conducted for this purpose, but the precincts of the heart of Asia are so vast that, even though my results far exceeded the material of any public or private collection regarding this territory, much remained to be done. That central Asiatic period of my interests came to an abrupt close with the first World War



THE AUTHOR AMONG SCENIC RUINS

and the subsequent Russian Revolution. Later, when I landed in America and became associated with the Carnegie Museum, the glamor of Jamaica came into my mind out of a mist of subconscious impressions and early associations. By that time I had come to know every butterfly recorded from the island, and the range of potential surprises was necessarily limited to forms overlooked by former investigators. Besides, the study of an island would conform better with the limited means of an entomological isolationalist, who should restrict himself instead of cultivating an insatiable appetite for a goodly portion of a whole continent as I had done heretofore. So Jamaica turned out to be my chosen hunting ground, and since my first brief visit my allegiance has been unshaken. I am enthusiastic about this beautiful island, and my devotion is shared by my nephew, Nicholas Shoumatoff, who was my companion on these expeditions.

In this article I shall try to give some ideas of my experiences during my visit this summer, although it is difficult within its compass to convey an adequate idea of the island and at the same time outline the main episodes.

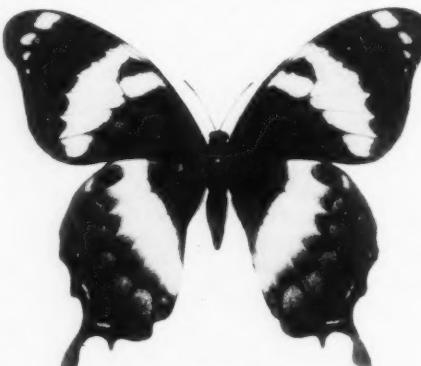
The island itself is approximately 145 miles in length and 50 miles in width at its broadest point. Slightly smaller than Long Island, it is, nevertheless, a world in itself, with an amazing diversity of scenery and life zones. Open plains on the southern and western coast, growths of swaying coconut palms along the shore, gorgeous tropical vegetation and mountain slopes, luxuriant cultivated tracts, virgin forests and jungles inter-

spersed themselves with quaint geological formations. In the inner land there are many lofty mountain peaks, roaring waterfalls, lovely brooks of cool water gurgling under a canopy of unfamiliar plants, a realm of tree ferns, fragrant orchids, lustrous hummingbirds and parrots. Added to these natural aspects of Jamaica is a network of excellent automobile roads to make traveling convenient. The truly charming places to stop are inhabited by people with an affable disposition who are accustomed to take life rather leisurely at all times.

Perhaps at this point I should dispel a popular misconception concerning tropical islands. At midday the thermometer may rise to an uncomfortably high level in the lower part of the island, but even on the coast line the nights are never without a cool breeze that brings relief after the hottest days. I can safely say that the summer months I spent in Jamaica gave me an escape from many sultry days that are an inevitable part of the Pittsburgh climate, for I not only had the advantages of enjoying balmy days, but also the luxury of shivering at times in mid-summer in the tropics.

Altogether we covered over fifteen hundred miles last summer, my nephew driving and also keeping a vigilant eye on any desirable "flyers by" worth adding to our bounty. We made extensive excursions on foot from many points, and encountered a wide range of diverse natural conditions, only a few of which can be touched on in this short narrative.

Constant Spring is only a hundred feet higher than the torrid capital of the



THE MAGNIFICENT HOMERUS

(One-half life size)

island, but the difference from the rather oppressive atmosphere of Kingston is quite marked. The foothills of the Blue Mountains are covered with many picturesque villages immersed in the vermillion of flamboyant poincianas, the glossy foliage of the breadfruit tree, the fluffy plumes of bamboos, and the lacy crowns of palms. As the road winds in countless ascending loops, the air grows distinctly cooler, and the horizon widens, unfolding a magnificent panorama of the harbor and the changeable contours of the mountain ranges. Occasionally springs, gushing from the stony hillside, are overgrown with ginger lilies blossoming with white orchidlike flowers of overpowering fragrance; and the lofty palmlike mountain pride, crowned by a crimson floral candelabra, is a striking sight on the higher slopes. Beyond the military settlement of New Castle, which is perched like an eagle's nest on a bold promontory, and past the highest point of the road over the range called Hardwar Gap, we find ourselves in a totally different zone of the tree fern and the orange ginger lily. The silhouettes of peculiar mountain trees of the myrtle family trace on the background of the sky a graphic pattern reminiscent of an early Sung landscape. The cool mists of clouds roll over the scenery at times, accentuating the Chinese character of the whole. Here, in a cozy nook, nestles the diminutive house of the Paine sisters, who have favored me for many years with a crop of moths attracted by the lamplight in their drawing room. The ancestors of these gentle ladies settled in Jamaica some two centuries ago, and it is at their hospitable home that I met some of the repre-

sentatives of the old colonial Jamaican families.

Another favorite spot in the west of Jamaica is Bath, or, to call it by its full name, Bath of St. Thomas the Apostle, known for its natural curative hot spring since the earliest times of Spanish possession. It is evident from the steamy climate and an unrivaled opulence of vegetation that this is the most tropical part of Jamaica. The adjacent region of the Blue Mountain range is famous among entomologists as the classical locality for the giant butterfly, *Papilio homerus*—the largest swallowtail of the New World. Its haunt is the junction of the Blue Mountains with the well-nigh inaccessible John Crow Mountain range, where wild pigs—descendants of escaped domestic animals—are still to be found in the densest thickets.



THE NATIVES OF JAMAICA LIVE SIMPLY

This grand insect, which inhabits Jamaica exclusively and has no close relatives in the rest of the world, must be a late survivor of some old tribes. There are not many specimens in the collections of Europe and America, but we were fortunate enough to assemble about forty individuals of this magnificent rarity, and also to record its flight in colored motion pictures. Taking the pictures was a very difficult task because we not only had to wait for a long time on a spot where the butterfly would be most likely to appear, but we also had to rely on a stroke of good luck to keep the homerus within the range of the camera on the right background for the timing of the exposure, and also at a proper distance for a set focus. The fleeting moments of the flight are too short to reset the different "gadgets" of the apparatus, and we had to be prepared for any sudden emergency. With all these handicaps and limitations, the filming of such an uncertain subject for photographic portraiture succeeded in a satisfactory way, and we got several views of the great butterfly on the wing.

Another region where the glorious *Papilio homerus* has also been recorded for the first time through our investigations is the "cockpit country" in the center of the island. Part of this territory, which is not much touched by cultivation and which preserves many original traits of virgin timberland and rocky jungles, is occupied by maroons, or free Negroes descended from fugitive slaves. They enjoy many privileges at present: they pay no taxes; they have their own administrative officers, teachers, and judiciary; and they are governed by an elected colonel of their own race with his majors, captains, and lieutenants. No British authorities, with the exception of the officers of the forestry affairs, have any immediate jurisdiction over them or interfere with the regulations of their native land, which preserves many features of by-gone days.

Leaving our car outside the boundary of maroon land, we walked several

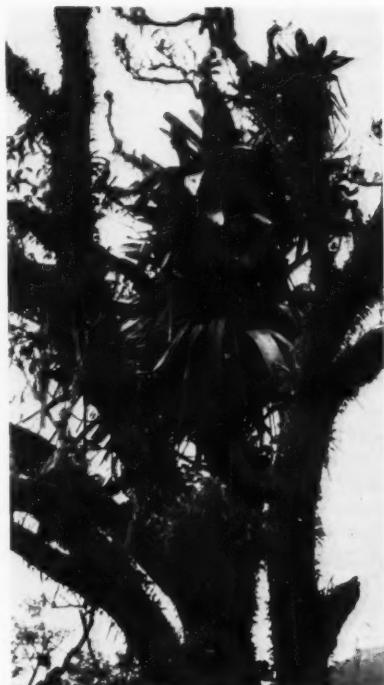
miles to the town of Accompong and spent a few interesting days among its amiable inhabitants, who live in simple fashion. In order that the reader may have an idea of the cockpit country, I must resort to a traditional simile. Among the many legendary stories woven around the name of Christopher Columbus, there is a record of a very apt portrayal of the configurations of Jamaica credited to him. When Queen Isabella requested the great navigator to give her a description of the newly discovered island, Columbus was supposed to have illustrated the rough topography of the country by simply crumpling a piece of paper in his hands and throwing it on the table. Whatever might be the truth of this tale, he made a fitting representation of the deep valleys and ridges, crevasses and cliffs that are crammed together in many parts of the island, and particularly in the cockpit country. As a whole, this region is one of the most difficult parts of Jamaica for exploration; what might be called a path here is a very relative term, practically a misnomer designated to describe an almost insurmountable accumulation of fallen tree trunks, honeycombed rocks with razor-blade edges, and occasional holes of unknown depth. Interspersed stretches of perilously slippery clay and mosses add their share to the natural impediments. These so-called trails should be visualized also in precipitous inclines where loose rocks are always in a state of precarious balance.

Despite the disadvantages of difficult roads, however, we found the country itself fascinating. The woodland abounds in a prodigious variety of trees. The solitude of the more remote forests is broken only by the weird call of the mountain witch—a peculiar wild dove of the higher altitudes—the shrill chatter of the parakeet, and the jabbering crow. Since the cockpit country was never investigated entomologically, it is quite natural that some of our best and least expected finds were made in this region.

For a long time one of our chief

desiderata was a russet and black butterfly, *Chlosyne pantoni*, related to the fritillaries, which was known to be represented only in four specimens in the collections of the whole world. For years collectors from several museums tried to secure specimens of this exclusive insect, even engaging the personal guidance of Mr. Panton, who discovered this butterfly on his estate over forty years ago. During our former visits we, too, had made some efforts to capture the evasive rarity, futile until this year, when we found its present

secluded habitat at a considerable distance from the original locality, and were fortunate enough to assemble a splendid set. This includes a dozen specimens of the female, which we found for the first time, and which proved to look entirely different from the male. Our labors in reaching the innermost parts of the cockpit country were also rewarded by the capture of other great rarities. A native Jamaican entomologist, Miss Lilly Perkins, has been one of the most energetic explorers of the island for years, and two of the rarest Jamaican skippers—swift-flying butterflies—known heretofore only in a couple of specimens, were called respectively *lilliae* and *perkinsi* in her honor. By a stroke of luck on two days in succession we caught on the very same bush one specimen each of these two species. To complete the unusual coincidence, a



A TREE OVERGROWN WITH AIR PLANTS

of Records the entry of the birth of the "infant William Jacob Holland," who in later years became the Director of the Carnegie Museum and one of the leading American entomologists.

While visiting Christiana, a neighboring town of Bethany, I was surprised to come across other unexpected associations with Pittsburgh. The guest-house was owned by a native Jamaican who took her apprenticeship as a trained nurse in the West Penn Hospital some twenty years ago. She told me that she remembered the Carnegie Museum with special pleasure and knew Dr. Holland personally. He had introduced himself to her as one of her countrymen. She never misses a radio broadcast conducted by the Carnegie Museum, and on one occasion she heard a Tchaikovsky program that was interpreted by someone with a strange Rus-

third rare butterfly of the so-called group of "blues" named for this lady was also captured in their company.

The village of Bethany, the birthplace of Dr. W. J. Holland, is situated on the outskirts of the cockpit country. We visited there again this year to secure some photographs and moving pictures to replace some that I had lost through an unfortunate incident. The house where his family used to live, while his father was at the head of a Moravian mission there, still stands in good condition, and I was impressed

to see in the Book

sian name that she identified with my registration in the guestbook. After supper she invited us in a matter-of-fact way to listen over the short wave to Pittsburgh.

The highest point of Jamaica, at the top of the Blue Mountain peak, certainly could not have been left outside our itinerary. We arranged to climb to the summit, some seventy-three hundred feet above sea level, partly on mules and partly on foot, and to stay there for three days. The top is characterized by a peculiar vegetation very different from the tropical flora of the island. Indeed, it presents a fantastic spectacle in many ways. The trunks of tree ferns of a variety of kinds are trimmed with waving curtains and swaying festoons of mosses of every conceivable tint of salmon, emerald, and amber gold. Nothing could be more like an abode of witches or a carboniferous landscape coming to life than the thicket of these outlandish growths. During our stay furious winds often raged on the peak. The nights were particularly stormy and uncomfortably chilly, but those conditions did not prevent some rare moths from flying to the light of our lantern. It was on the greatest elevation of the island that my nephew caught a specimen of a butterfly well known in temperate America and Europe but never heretofore encountered on the island—namely, the "Red Admiral." Upon my return to Pittsburgh, when I was asked by newspapermen to comment on the possibilities of using naval bases on the island, I referred to the discovery of the Admiral as my closest approach to anything having to do with navy and military aspects. It was a legitimate piece of "news," if not from a strategic angle, at least in an entomological sense.

We expected to collect many more specimens during the descent from the peak, for the road leads through a succession of various zones of vegetation, but our anticipation was frustrated by a torrential rain that broke like a cloud-

burst just as we started down hill. There was no use seeking shelter, for in a few minutes we were literally drenched to the last stitch. The rain came down so hard that the pound notes in my wallet turned a mahogany tint uniform with the stain of the leather. With a completely wet net, streaming with rain water, we succeeded in catching only a couple of fugitive moths that were beaten out of their refuge by the downpour.

Among our memorable and delightful experiences on the island was the opportunity to pay one more call upon a distinguished aged Englishman, Dr. A. J. Drew, who exchanged Oxford for Jamaica many decades ago and built a retreat for himself there that is appropriately called "The Hermitage." My nephew was somewhat run down as a result of entomological overexertion, and our venerable friend volunteered to give him some professional advice. Since Dr. Drew had once had under his care, J. O. Westwood, the famous English entomologist of the beginning and middle nineteenth century, young Shoumatoff may rightfully claim the distinction of being a fellow-patient with an entomological luminary who had flourished into the bloom of renown over a century ago. In spite of his very great age, Dr. Drew is indefatigable in building new additions to his house and estate. During the seven years that we have known him we have observed that these structural improvements are becoming more and more monumental. The recently built fire escape from the rather flimsy house is literally megalithic in solidity and proportions. He mentioned, however, that he could scarcely look forward to much playing on the new squash court—which is built of concrete for perpetuity. And he confesses that he must refrain from the more lively forms of sport, although he indulges occasionally in fancy diving, and we had an opportunity of watching him in a demonstration—not without some apprehension on our part. He mentioned to us that he did not like

to don a bathing suit for his aquatic exercises and did not recommend his occasional guests to use any, but liked to go bathing "just as you are." By this he meant diving in his coat, breeches, shoes, skull cap, and all!

A day of collecting in Jamaica, wherever it might be, covered a pretty busy schedule. We often arose before six o'clock in the morning so that we could reach the desirable spots on time for the best period of the insects' flights. All the fatigue of tramping, climbing rocks, and chasing butterflies, did not finish the day's work because we did not wish to miss collecting moths at night. The precious finds then had to be carefully packed, labels were written, and notes made in the diary before we could call it a day. As we look back upon the results of all these labors, however, there is no reason to feel any disappointment.

In connection with the reasons I have given for my partiality for Jamaica at the beginning of this article, I might add that, besides any nostalgic recollections of boyhood dreams, there are certainly some very valid, purely objective reasons for a careful study of the lepidopterous fauna of the island. It is a well-known fact that the distribution of butterflies and moths substantiate the contentions of geologists regarding the former land connection of this part of the world. It appears from such zoogeographical data that Jamaica had land bridges in the past with contemporary Haiti, and no direct exclusive connection with present-day Cuba that would omit the island to the east. In other words, the faunistic affinities indicate a past connection of Haiti at different times with both Jamaica

and Cuba, but no exclusive linkage of Jamaica and Cuba themselves. On the other hand, a study of Jamaican entomology characterizes the degree of its kinship with the fauna of the mainland and of Central America. Thus the effects of the distribution of lepidoptera help to discover vestiges of the forgotten chronicles of this part of the globe.

Our recent visits to Jamaica substantially increased the volume of knowledge of the natural history of the island in regard to butterflies and moths. The number of their known species scarcely exceeded 430. Our investigations increased it to well over 1,000 different forms, a number of which are entirely new to science and require description.

Only three butterflies reliably known to occur on the island are missing in this



PLANT LIFE IS LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL

collection. I have seen two of these elusive species on the wing with my own eyes on different single occasions, but, to my keenest disappointment, I did not succeed in catching them. I still hope to have better luck, if my plans for visiting the island at a subsequent time materialize. The total collection now belonging to the Carnegie Museum contains over fourteen thousand specimens—by far the largest collection in the world.

In concluding this sketch I see that I did not speak about the many natural resources and characteristic products of the island that make it world famous or even mention the delicious exotic fruits of every variety; and excelling them all, the ambrosial Bombay mango. I did not recount any stories of the dramatic and quaint past history of Jamaica, but that shows that there are too many things to tell about this island that was the stage of so many fateful events.

Meanwhile, my narrative has grown altogether too lengthy. I can only say that the dream isle of tropical loveliness seems to me an ideal place for spending a vacation, profitable and enjoyable, and that in my estimation Jamaica well deserves to be known as the "Pearl of the Caribbean" and the "Paradise Garden." Speaking of this last descriptive appellation, it should be recalled that there is not a single poisonous snake on the island, something that even paradise could claim as a distinctive advantage.

I want to say, too, that it would have been impossible to secure the entomological bounty this year, and accumulate the results of past seasons, without the assistance of my nephew, who has a very competent knowledge of the lepidopterous fauna of the island, and whose keen eyes, quick feet, and swift swing of the net were responsible for many of the best finds.

THE GRAPHIC ART OF CHILDE HASSAM

IN the Survey of American Painting there are two canvases by Childe Hassam, "The Little Cobbler's Shop" and "Bailey's Beach, Newport, Rhode Island." They hang in the same gallery as Eakins, Bellows, Sargent, Mary Cassatt, Albert P. Ryder, and Edmund C. Tarbell, and take their place very appropriately in this noted company, proudly holding their own in the tradition of American painting. In the permanent collection gallery there hang two canvases by Childe Hassam owned by the Carnegie Institute: "Fifth Avenue in Winter" and "Spring Morning." On the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture there is an exhibition of his drawings, etchings, and lithographs. So it has come to pass that there is an opportunity now in the Carnegie Institute to see the artistic expression of this great American impressionist in all the media in which he worked.

In the exhibition on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture there are twenty-four drawings, thirty-three etchings, and thirty lithographs. The drawings are all owned by the Carnegie Institute. The prints, with the exception of three etchings from the Institute's collection, were presented to the Department of Fine Arts recently by Mrs. Hassam.

The drawings in the exhibition have charm, simplicity, and sincerity. They are done with colored chalk, pen and ink, pencil, or charcoal, and are exquisite examples of the work of a great craftsman who seemed purposely to avoid a show of power or strength in them. The artist had a gift for definition with a few strokes of chalk, and his drawings are sketchy, delicate, and personal. Most of them depict New England scenes, but there are occasional figure pieces.

While Childe Hassam began his career



LION GARDINER HOUSE (ETCHING)

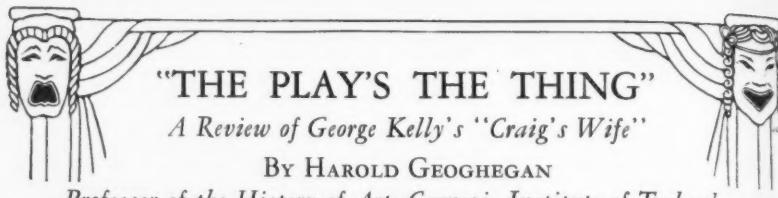
One of a group of prints presented by Mrs. Childe Hassam

as a draftsman for a wood-engraving firm, he did not concern himself with prints until he had achieved an enviable reputation as a painter. He began to etch in 1915, and during the twenty years that remained for him—for he died in 1935—he worked on more than three hundred copperplates and produced a large number of lithographs.

In his prints, as in his paintings, he loved the play of light and the effect it produced on Nature, buildings, and the human figure. In commenting on Childe Hassam's special mission in art, Edwin Howland Blashfield wrote: "Childe Hassam's art career was not only a fine one in the usual sense, but also in a rather special one. Beginning in the days when light—the light of outdoors—focused the interest of the leaders in studios of Europe and America alike—he never, in more than forty years turned away from his best-loved problem of 'let there be light'—light direct, transmitted, diffused or reflected—in a word, brightness or radiance. It

was not radiance against gloom, as in Rembrandt—light striving to penetrate darkness—but always sparkle, light impinging; almost, if any one may use relatively trivial words, spotting and sprinkling his house and people, his land and water."

There is a marked distinction between his etchings and his lithographs. In each type of print he permitted his medium to reveal itself. He is sure of his line in his etchings, and all of them are done with precision and exactness. They are exceedingly sensitive, and they have the delicacy of old lace about them. Lithographs show forth the crayon, therefore his are spontaneous, often done in a fragmentary and broad manner. His technique is much more vigorous and staccato than in his etchings. In his prints Childe Hassam has captured the fascination of New England landscapes, old houses, churches, harbors, doorways, and trees, and over them he has poured light, which seems to play in and out of the scenes. J. O'C. JR.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of George Kelly's "Craig's Wife"

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



It is fifteen years since George Kelly's "Craig's Wife" was first performed in New York and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. It is probably fifteen years since any one of us has had an opportunity of seeing it again. The old stock and repertory companies that flourished before the advent of the moving pictures had their faults—insufficient rehearsal and the assignment of the principal parts to the leading man and leading lady of the moment, irrespective of their talent or type—but at least they gave us a chance to see, for a second time, plays that we had seen in New York, and to find out whether these plays depended on the personality or talent of a particular star, or whether they could be judged on their own merits. If these stock companies were still in existence, I am pretty sure that we should not have had to wait fifteen years for a revival of such an excellent piece of work as "Craig's Wife."

Since 1925 Mr. Kelly has written other plays. I have never had the opportunity of seeing any of them. One feels that, coming from the pen of a writer with such power of observation, such an accurate eye and ear, and such a sense of the theater, these plays are bound to be good. Yet, as far as I know, they have never strayed from the confines of Broadway, and are as inaccessible to the theatergoer as the ephemeral efforts that form a good half of

the yearly metropolitan output. It is a great pity!

Harriet Craig, the central character of Mr. Kelly's play, is a selfish and determined woman who has made up her mind, after an unhappy and dependent girlhood, that she will live exactly the kind of life that she wants to live without regarding the wishes of anyone else. To this end she has acquired a husband who can give her the material things she desires—and she desires little but material things—a steady income, and a house. She acquires them, particularly the house, which she worships as a fetish, which must be kept swept and garnished and, as far as possible, uninhabited. Each carefully chosen piece of furniture must have its exact and special place, and must know no change. The petals of flowers fall, so there are to be no flowers. Cigarette butts, spent matches, and white rings on the mahogany have no place in the shrine, so, they too go, and with them go the last of her husband's friends. The neighbors are frozen out—she must have the house to herself. A husband is part of a well-run household, and as such he is retained; less important, perhaps, than her Directoire sofa, but still necessary. Mrs. Craig is quite conscious of the goal toward which she is striving. To her niece, who is unsuitably engaged to an impecunious professor, she expounds her philosophy of marriage: "If a woman is the right kind of woman, it is better that the destiny of her house should be in her hands than any man's." And she sincerely and honestly believes that she is the "right kind of woman." She has nearly achieved her purpose—the subjugation of husband and servants and everybody with whom she is forced

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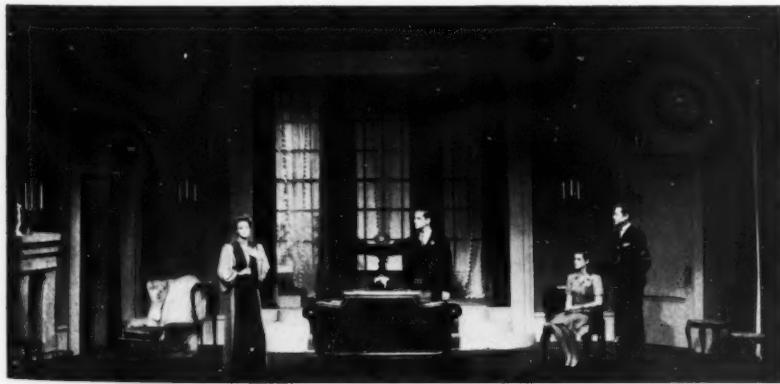
to come in contact—when the storm breaks.

Miss Austen, her husband's aunt, who has been living with the Craigs since their marriage, is goaded by Harriet into leaving the house. But, before she goes, she gives her nephew a piece of her mind with regard to his wife, and Walter Craig's eyes begin to open, and continue to open wider and wider until the end of the play. At first he considers revolt, and protestingly smashes a cherished ornament, and smokes cigarettes in the sacred living room. He decides, however, that he is not equal to the struggle, and leaves both her and her house. The final curtain falls on Mrs. Craig left husbandless, auntless, nieceless, and servantless—everything but houseless—and Auntie Austen's prediction is fulfilled: "People who live to themselves, Harriet, are generally left to themselves."

"Craig's Wife" is primarily a detailed and extraordinarily well-observed study of a cold, ruthless, and utterly selfish woman. The author does not spare her or attempt to excuse her. She is thoroughly unsympathetic. At least, I thought so until I heard some members of her own sex in the audience contending that she had a defensible point of view. It was not evident to me, however, nor was it, I should guess, to her creator.

The play is not entirely a character study of one woman. Indeed, there is quite a lot of plot and rather intricate plot at that. Intercepted telephone calls, a visit from the police, and even a suicide and a murder appear. But all these incidents are only used to point up Mrs. Craig. The other characterizations are, perhaps necessarily, rather thin. Auntie Austen has a prodigious number of lines, but not much personality. She reminds one of those "raisonneurs" who inevitably turned up in the plays of Pinero and the younger Dumas. Walter Craig is a good fellow who seems rather stupider than the author intended him to be. It is almost impossible that he should not have been aware of some of his wife's machinations, even before the bean-spilling of Auntie Austen.

Although Mr. Kelly declared in an interview: "I don't know anything about play construction and don't want to know anything about it," he actually shows great skill in the manipulation of his plot. He also has a very delicate and true ear for the spoken word. The dialogue is easy and natural and entirely suitable to the character who speaks it, except when they fall to philosophizing and explaining their motives. On these occasions their language takes on a decidedly literary tinge—a phenomenon that occurs frequently on the stage, but



SCENE FROM GEORGE KELLY'S "CRAIG'S WIFE"—STUDENT PLAYERS

which I have never observed in real life.

The performance of "Craig's Wife" at the Little Theater was, on the whole, a good one. I liked Douglas McLean's quiet and straightforward direction. There was no attempt to brighten up with unnecessary and meaningless movement a play in which the interest lies principally in what the people are, rather than in what they do. Except that one Mrs. Craig was dark and one fair, there was not as much difference in their interpretations as I had been led to expect. With my fifteen-year-old memory of Chrystal Herne in the part, I had expected an outwardly gentler and more feminine Mrs. Craig. The "feline subtlety" that Miss Austen speaks of seemed to me to be absent from both interpretations—though I suppose a tiger is feline as well as a cat, and the dark Mrs. Craig had a distinctly tigerish quality. The fair Mrs. Craig, while not so fierce, gave a good account of the cold relentlessness of the character. Both were intelligent and well-thought-out performances. The other parts are much less fully developed. That of Miss Austen, though rich in lines, is not so rich in characterization. And when a very young actress plays the part of any woman over forty, she usually presents her as a palsied hag. Neither Miss Austen fell into this error: they both were nice-looking young women with prematurely grey hair. There must be a middle course.

The part of Walter Craig is not altogether satisfactorily written. He seems so stupid and so unperceiving in the first act, and turns into a different person in the second. I specially liked the Walter who played with the dark Mrs. Craig. He, at any rate, by a clever make-up, suggested the age of the character that he was playing. It is perhaps absurd to lay so much stress on make-up, which is, after all, a minor part of the actor's equipment, but, especially to a very young actor, a plausible make-up does give a feeling of confidence that cannot help improving his performance. The other Walter, who also gave a good

performance, looked rather juvenile. Both of them made the most of the rather tricky curtain to the second act. Craig has deliberately broken one of his wife's sacred ornaments; she hears the noise, and calls from upstairs: "It sounded up here as if the house fell down," and he answers: "Maybe it did, Harriet, I'm just sitting here wondering."

The amusing role of the housekeeper, Mrs. Harold, showed how two actresses with different temperaments and different physiques may approach the same part. One of them played her as a genial and motherly Irishwoman, the other as a thin and tight-lipped New Englander; both seemed right and both were amusing. The part of the doggedly neighborly Mrs. Frazier was played in the "dark" cast with a nice sense of fun.

Lloyd Weninger provided, as a background for Mrs. Craig, a rather handsome living room, though as bleak and as unfriendly a one as I have ever seen. The bleakness was, of course, intentional. One could not imagine anyone lolling comfortably in such austere surroundings.

COMING EXHIBITIONS

THE first special exhibition in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute after the close of the Survey of American Painting will be "The Artist as Reporter." This exhibition will consist of approximately one hundred drawings, sketches, and paintings from the entries submitted to the PM competition in search of artists who could report news with brush or pen. It will afford an opportunity to observe the present-day development of American artists as journalistic illustrators in the tradition of such masters as Winslow Homer, George Luks, William Glackens, and John Sloan. It will open on January 3 and continue through February 14.

The complete schedule of special exhibitions for 1941 will appear in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for December.

KINDRED MINDS ON THE ART SHOW

A Salute to the Show

WHEN, months ago, it was accepted as certain that the war in Europe would make impossible the organizing of an international exhibition at Pittsburgh, Carnegie Institute might, not unreasonably, have decided just to designate 1940 as an off year and to do nothing to fill the hiatus thus caused in a long and distinguished series. Instead, Carnegie elected an arduous and constructive course. After considering a number of possible substitutes for the canceled International, Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of the Department of Fine Arts, determined to put on an exhibition in which should be canvassed the whole panorama of American art, from early Colonial times to the present. It was opened last night [October 24] in Pittsburgh and will remain current until the middle of December.

This Survey of American Painting represents the result of an effort that has been promoted with enthusiastic, tireless, and scholarly care. It assembles in the galleries of Carnegie Institute some 367 pictures, many of which are famous and peculiarly significant American landmarks. Taken as a unit, this collection, made up of work from every period in our cultural history, submits with inspiriting conviction the case for American art. The evidence thus dramatized would seem hard to refute. That America has indeed evolved a native tradition in painting, the survey makes manifest.

The task of securing this material, all of which comes from American public and private collections, was formidable. But Mr. Saint-Gaudens reports that his request for loans met everywhere with cordial response. It seems to have been generally recognized that the occasion merited a full measure of support. The outcome is a native saga of the most absorbing interest.

[An Editorial from The New York Times]

A Salute to Lenders

IF art institutions, and the owners of works of art, followed literally the advice of Polonius to Laertes—"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be"—there would be few notable, and certainly no such comprehensive, collections as the Survey of American Painting.

An appreciation of the part that the lender plays is expressed by Peyton Boswell Jr., editor of *The Art Digest*, in his personal comment on the Survey of American Painting in the issue of that magazine for November 1. He made the point so justly and so effectively that his thought on the subject is worthy of being reprinted here. Mr. Boswell writes: "The other day while visiting I saw over the fireplace, instead of my host's favorite painting, a framed cardboard bearing the legend, 'Lent to the Carnegie Institute.' My host was proud that he had been able to share his treasure with his fellows, and pleased that the director of a famous institution had called upon his taste to help build a great exhibition. Then he said with a half-rueful chuckle, 'But, you know, the old girl hasn't been with me much lately, what with all these world's fairs and art surveys.' So, when we inspect an imposing art exhibition, leafing through the catalogue to find the artist's name and the picture's title, it wouldn't be wasting time if we paused at the lender's name and paid him silent thanks for his generosity. For it takes sacrifice to part, even for a brief period, with a work of art you love well enough to own. To quote Homer Saint-Gaudens: 'This Survey of American Painting would have been impossible but for the splendid and unselfish co-operation of private and public collectors.'"

Thanks to Peyton Boswell Jr. for his tribute to generous lenders, who have made possible not only the Survey of American Painting, but many other similar exhibitions as well.



CAN WE HAVE ANOTHER GOLDEN AGE?

How was it that through a period of five hundred years, from about 1350 to 1850, or from Geoffrey Chaucer to Alfred Tennyson, England developed a literature which surpassed all other countries in the same epoch, and even carried her achievement beyond the golden ages of Greece and Rome? The answer is an easy one. It is because she had established her grammar schools, at Winchester and elsewhere, from a beginning which preceded the Norman Conquest, and had, through a system of education embracing all knowledge, poured into the minds of the youth of the land the whole deposit of what was called the "polite learning" of the world.

The career of John Milton illustrates the kind of instruction that was given to an English boy before the inventions of science had diverted his attention away from the gloriously imaginative works of a classical education. Milton, at seventeen, having finished the grammar school with a preparation that enabled him to discourse in Greek and Latin with a facility that probably surpassed the English of the best dialectician of today, was sent to Cambridge University, where he remained for seven years. In all that long time he studied everything that existed in literature, philosophy, religion, history, and politics. Upon leaving Cambridge, he spent the ensuing six years at his father's

house; and with the aim of teaching mankind the truth he gave the widest possible sweep to his attainments in poetry, languages, music, and mathematics. He then announced his heretical belief that the poet was a better teacher than the priest; and in the pursuit of this theory he wrote the first youthful poems of an exuberant mind—*L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. At the end of a service of ten years with Oliver Cromwell as foreign secretary for the English Commonwealth, he continued without abatement his pursuit of learning, reading and writing habitually until dawn by candlelight, a practice that finally brought him the penalty of total blindness, but out of that darkness came his *Paradise Lost*.

What Milton learned at school was almost precisely what all English boys were taught, including Shakespeare, Sydney, Marlowe, Raleigh, Spenser—in the older group; and, through a later time—but still within the limits of the golden age of England—Pope, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, and Tennyson. They had all absorbed the waters of the intellectual life from fountains that are practically inaccessible to our modern world, and the inspiration of this deep learning enabled them to produce a mighty pyramid of literature that stands hopelessly aloof from the petrified adventurers who seek to tread in their path today.

Why is it, then, that with the exception of Rudyard Kipling's "Reces-

sional" this twentieth century has not brought forth one poem that can go in the same bookcase with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"? In Gray's Elegy there is a line, in the Epitaph, that may shed a ray of light on the problem—"Fair science frowned not on his humble birth." Toward the end of Queen Victoria's reign, "Fair science" had begun to frown on the creative imaginations of those who might have become great poets; and the dearth of letters since Tennyson seems to show that men who are taught how to build bridges and locomotives must not be expected to write a sonnet or compose an opera.

With science we can have no quarrel. Science can never stop the progress of her seven-league boots. She must go on. Her devotees may lighten their burdens by acquiring a passing knowledge of the classics, but their world of creation must ever be a physical world.

But if a now "mute, inglorious Milton" is to appear again in literature, or a Shakespeare, or a Tennyson, his education must be something that is confined very definitely to the field of imagery and beauty. Dean West was looking into the Valley of Dry Bones upon which he might breathe the fire of a re-creating life when he established his post-graduate course at Princeton. He said to his table companion at a dinner at Pittsburgh one night that, if he could induce a hundred graduates from all the colleges to spend a year each with him in his cloistered halls talking about life and learning, and exchanging ideas that would run through the thought and action of other times, forgetful of the world of today, he felt sure that he would produce a golden age of culture in America that would not be inferior to those of past centuries.

Perhaps the pattern of such a fostering mother is found in Carnegie Tech's school of the beautiful arts, to which hungry souls may go for architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and the drama—with literature and the languages thrown in, to make it hard. The engineer must ever feed on tougher

meat; pageantry and dreams are not for him. Sir Isaac Newton, even going to Cambridge, where Milton had attended, and with the same books open before his eyes, could take serious heed of no branch of learning except mathematics; but his work there gave us the greatest technical mind that England has produced. But technology and the fine arts bound together will combine the power to build the world and the power to people its mind with the indestructible and intangible things of the spirit. If John Milton and Sir Isaac Newton were to seek their education at Pittsburgh today, Milton would be assigned to the fine arts, and Newton to the engineering school. What would come of it?

AMERICA'S ART SOUL REVEALED

THERE was some feeling of trepidation when it was realized that because of war conditions abroad there could be no continuance this year of the International Exhibition of Paintings at the Carnegie Institute. But that anxiety vanished on the instant when Homer Saint-Gaudens placed on the walls his superb Survey of American Painting. The great gatherings of people from Pittsburgh and elsewhere who are seeing the exhibition every day find it a breath-taking show.

"Has it been possible," some of them ask, "that through these past years we have been making obeisance to the works of foreign artists, while regarding with a patronizing spirit of indulgence the equal offerings of American artists?" And had we, in a state of mental indolence, fallen into the egregious error that an old master was exclusively a European?

Perish the thought! For here is a collection of American paintings dating from the first extant canvas, in 1670, down to the latest picture of today. They have been assembled from the four corners of the land through the co-operation of other galleries and of many individuals, all generously striving to

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make the show complete and an honor to our country. That goal has been achieved and it has enabled Mr. Saint-Gaudens to demonstrate to the world an evolutionary continuance of the art motive—gained at the start, perhaps, in Europe, but developed here—which from first to last has been guided by competent instruction, as proved in this final product.

When we talk of old masters, what group of foreign canvases can surpass those six noble masterpieces of Gilbert Stuart, or others by Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, James McNeill Whistler, George Inness, John Singer Sargent, and George W. Bellows, among those who are gone; besides the great host of modern pictures, many of which in their time will become old masters?

The controlling thought that comes to mind in a study of this amazing collection is that if, in the enormities of war, the whole deposit of painting existing in Europe were to be totally destroyed, this aggregation of our own painters at the Carnegie Institute is so comprehensive in its fulness, so rich in its content, and so true to the imperishable tradition of ancient times, that the American heritage would restore to a lost world the power to create again its highest achievements of genius.

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